

This Is Like Heaven to Me

J. E. French, 1903

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$\text{♩} = 100$

1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout. Some don't un-der-stand us, I
3. We've heard the sweet mu-sic, the heav-en-ly chord, From glo-ry land o-ver the
4. We're look-ing for Je-sus with glo-ry to come; 'Tis Je-sus who died on the

free. We've crossed o-ver Jor-dan to Ca-naan's fair land, And this is like Heav-en to
see. We're filled with the Spir-it, there is-n't a doubt, And this is like Heav-en to
sea; A soul thrill-ing mes-sage from Je-sus, our Lord, And this is like Heav-en to
tree. A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home— O that will be Heav-en to

Refrain

me.
me. 1,2,3. And this is like Heav-en to me, Yes, this is like Heav-en to me. I've
me. 4. O that will be Heav-en to me. Yes, that will be Heav-en to me. A
me.

crossed o-ver Jor-dan to Ca-naan's fair land, And this is like Heav-en to me.
cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home— Yes, that will be Heav-en to me.